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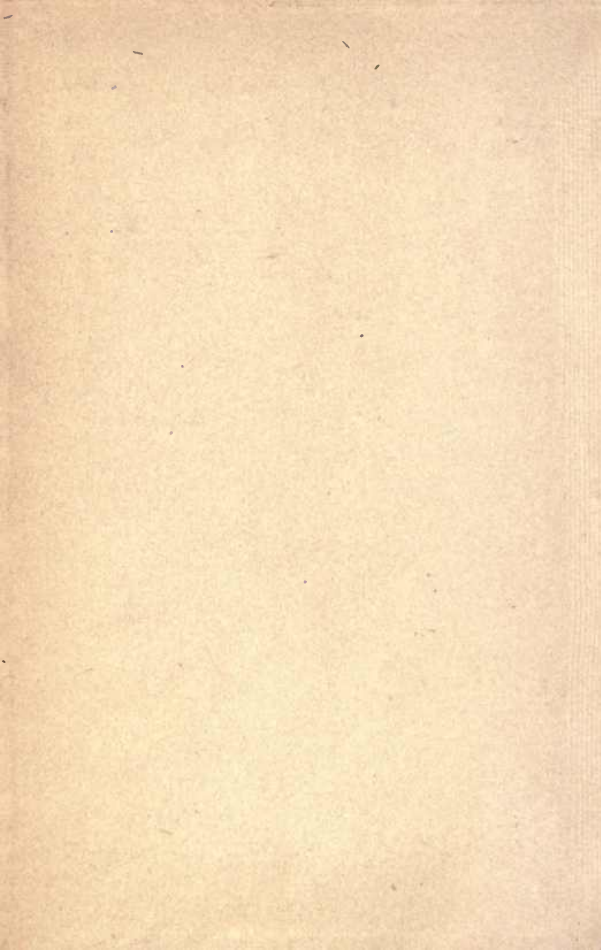
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RAPHAEL

THE PRINCE OF ART

MARY I. LOVEJOY

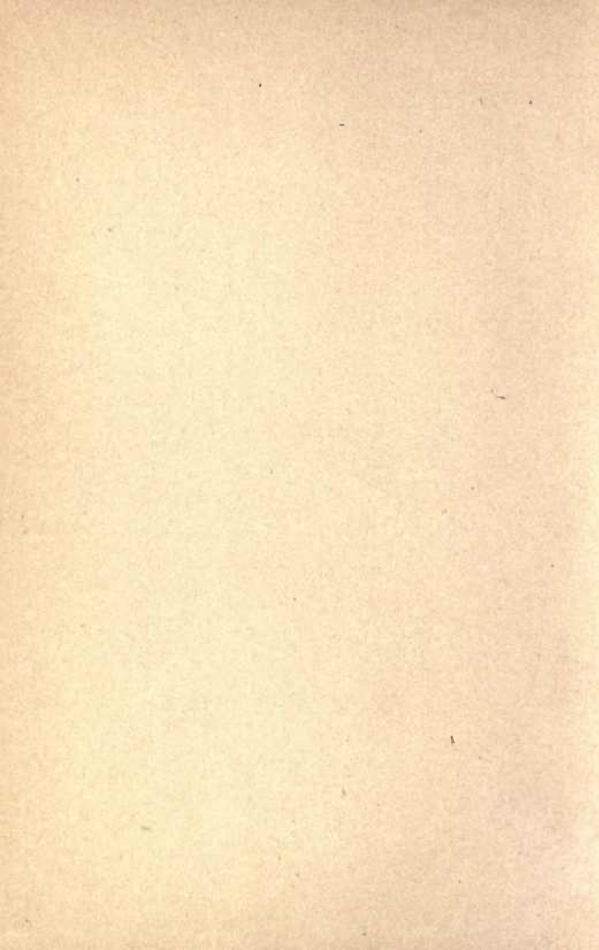


To Natalie.

Wishing my little God-child
A very Happy Xmas.

Dec. 1919

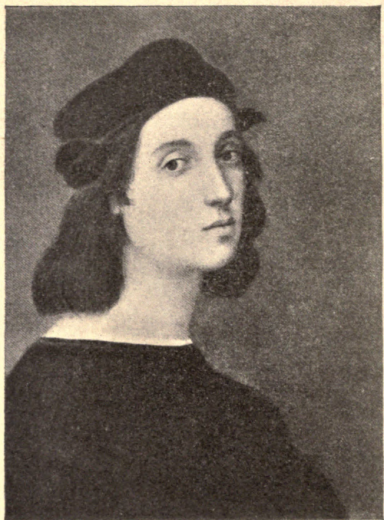
Father John



R A P H A E L

“The Prince of Art.”





Raphael

RAPHAEL

THE PRINCE OF ART

ADAPTED FOR YOUNG READERS

BY

MARY I. LOVEJOY



BOSTON ./. NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO

Mayhew Publishing Company

NINETY-TWO RUGGLES STREET

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To My Nephews

George and Willie.

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Preface

"THE function of Art is to embody the universal." Whether Art is the product of the poet's pen, the artist's brush, the sculptor's chisel, or the musician's harmonious tones, it all crystallizes into a perfect whole.

One phase of Art which should be prominent in the education of children is the study of pictures, and some knowledge of the artist who painted them. It elevates, refines, and purifies; cultivates an appreciation of the beautiful, and brings joy to many a desolate household.

"To gaze upon a good picture is to open the soul to a silent influence that will aid to ripen thought into noble action."

It is to stimulate and encourage this study that this little sketch is launched. That it may find a port with the true mother and teacher is the earnest desire of the author.

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M. I. L.

August 12, 1902.

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RAPHAEL, "THE PRINCE OF
ART."

Introductory

"The snow had begun in the gloaming
And busily all the night,
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white."

LOWELL.

IT was Christmas morning. The air was sharp and clear. The sun shone brightly upon the new fallen snow. It looked like a carpet of diamonds. Not a cloud was in the sky. The church bells rang out their heavy clang. The sleigh bells chimed in with their merry tinkle, tinkle; while the happy shouts of the children at play greeted the passers by.

All nature seemed filled with delight. The trees shook the feathery flakes of snow from their branches. Even the little birds hopping about were chirping their Christmas carols.

Among the happy children that Christmas morning were Margaret and John Merton. Santa Claus had been very generous to them.

He had brought them books, toys, pictures candy, and many useful articles.

They had arranged their gifts upon a table. Margaret thought the most beautiful present that she received was a picture from her mother. It was a Madonna. John received a picture, too, and liked it, but he did not think it the best of his presents. His new sled and skates pleased him more.

Two or three days after Christmas there was another snow-storm. Margaret and John could not go out to play. Their mother told them to come to the library and she would tell them the story of the Madonna.

The children shouted for joy. They were always delighted to hear their mother tell stories. They ran a race and John got there first.

As Mrs. Merton entered the room, she placed Margaret's picture upon the table. It was the "Madonna della Sedia" or "Madonna of the Chair".

After looking at it a few moments she began this story:—



Madonna of the
Chair

"Many hundred years ago, a few years before America was discovered, a great artist wanted to paint a beautiful mother. He had thought how she should look, but he wished to see a face like the sweet picture that he had in his mind.

"The legend of this picture will tell you how he found this beautiful mother, and why it is represented in a circular form.

"On one of the mountains in Italy, there lived an old hermit named Bernardo. He was very happy in his little hut. The people in the valley loved him; often carried food to him, and asked his counsel. They wanted him to come to the village to live. They could do more to help him there and he would not be so lonely.

"He thanked them for their kindness and told them he was never lonely. He said there were two beings that were as kind to him as daughters. One could talk, but the other was dumb.

"The one who could speak was Mary, the daughter of a wine dresser, who lived in the

village. She went to see the old hermit every day, carried him food and clothing and helped him all she could.

"The dumb daughter was a large oak tree that grew near his hut. He used to talk to her and feed the birds that lived in her branches.

"The birds sang to him, and the wind, rustling the leaves, brought Bernardo sweet music to cheer him. He loved these two daughters very dearly.

"One winter there was a severe storm. It lasted three or four days, and the people in the valley were very anxious about Bernardo. They were afraid that he had perished. As soon as the storm was over, Mary and her father started up the mountain. When they reached the place where Bernardo lived, the hut had been swept away, but the tree was still standing. They looked up into the branches and saw Bernardo. He was cold and hungry, and was glad to see his friends. He told them that he stayed in his hut as long as he could; but as the storm in

creased he went on the roof. His dumb daughter held out her arms and beckoned him to come to her. He went back into the hut, took a few crusts of bread, and climbed into the tree. There he remained until Mary found him. Thus his life was saved by his two daughters.

"Mary took the old hermit to her home, nursed and cared for him. He was very grateful, and told her that he prayed every day that his two daughters, who had been so kind to him, might, in some way, be glorified together. Not long after, he died, but his prayer was not forgotten.

"Years passed. The oak tree was cut down and made into wine casks for Mary's father.

"Mary was married and had two beautiful children. One afternoon she took her children into the garden, and sat in a chair in the arbor. She held the younger child in her lap. The elder was playing. He had just come toward her with a little cross in his hand that he had made.

"Just at this moment a young man who was

passing, saw the group and exclaimed:—

“I must paint that lovely mother and those beautiful children.” He had only a pencil in his pocket, and nothing on which he could sketch. Just in front of him he saw the clean cover of a wine cask. He picked it up and drew upon it the outline of his picture. When he got home he painted it in the loveliest colors. Thus Mary and the oak tree, the two daughters of the old hermit, were glorified together, and the old man’s prayer was answered.

“This remarkable painting is now in the Pitti Palace, in Florence, Italy, where hundreds of visitors admire it every day.”

Margaret and John were greatly interested in this story. They both exclaimed:—
“Mother, do tell us about the painter.”

Mrs. Merton promised that she would tell them the next day.

RAPHAEL THE BOY

Raphael The Boy

IN the morning the children had hardly finished breakfast, when they reminded her of her promise. She had not forgotten. She told them they would have to wait until afternoon.

Margaret and John were so impatient to hear about this wonderful artist, that they were in the library a half hour before their mother appeared. Mrs. Merton took from a drawer in the bookcase, a large picture. She placed it where the children could see it well, and said:—"This is the picture of Raphael, one of the greatest artists the world has ever known. He was not only a great artist, but a good and noble man. He was kind, courteous and of fine character. Besides being a painter, he was a sculptor, a musician, a poet, and had planned many buildings.

"Raphael advanced so rapidly in his work that many of the other artists of his time were jealous of him. He did not mind that,

and showed his sweet disposition and strong character by his kindness to them, and by helping them whenever he could."

"I think he has a lovely face," said Margaret.

"You will think him a wonderful man when you hear of his life and paintings," said Mrs. Merton.

"On Good Friday, in the year 1483, there came to a comfortable, happy home, in Urbino, Umbria, Italy, a dear little boy. This little boy was Raphael Santi. He was named for St. Raphael, who, it is said, cares for the young and watches over travellers.

"His mother was the daughter of a merchant in Urbino. Her name was Magia. She was sweet and lovely and cared for her boy tenderly. When he was eight years old she died, and left her little son to the care of his father, who devoted much time to him.

"Giovanni Santi was a noted man. He painted, wrote poems, played several musical instruments, and carved images. There is a fresco in his home in Urbino, painted by him,



Birthplace of
Raphael,
Urbino, Italy

which is said to be a picture of Raphael and his mother.

"Raphael's father saw that his son loved Nature. Beautiful colors pleased him. He took him to watch the birds, the trees, the flowers, and the sea. They had many pleasant walks and talks together. His father said:—

" 'Strange questions doth he ask of me,
When we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think,
Or talks as children talk.' "

"Mamma, do you think his father knew the names of the birds and flowers as my papa does?" asked John.

"He may have known the names of those that were found near his home," answered Mrs. Merton.

"Raphael must have asked a great many questions," said Margaret.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Merton. "That is a good way to learn about things, my dear. It teaches you to think."

"I think he must have had a fine time," said John.

"He did. He was a very happy and thoughtful boy," said Mrs. Merton.

"Another place to which Raphael went with his father was to the grand palace of the Duke of Urbino. The Duke lived a short distance from the little boy's home. In this palace Raphael spent many happy hours, looking at the beautiful paintings, choice pieces of sculpture, and the many rare books in the library."

"Didn't he have a good time!" said Margaret.

"Mamma, how did he learn to draw?" asked John.

"When Raphael was very young his father taught him to draw. He learned so quickly that he was soon of great help in many ways. It was his father's wish that his son should study with some noted teacher of painting. He knew that the boy had great talent, and would some day become famous. Before any plan could be made, a great sorrow came to this young boy. He was only eleven years old when his father died, and

“you can imagine how very sad and lonely he was. He missed his friend and companion more than any one knew.”

“Oh! isn’t that too bad!” exclaimed Margaret.

“Yes, I am very sorry that Raphael lost his father,” said John.

“I am very sorry, too,” said Mrs. Merton. “As I tell you the story of his life you will see what a brave, manly little fellow he was, and how hard he tried to do what he thought would please his father and mother.

“Soon after his father’s death, he was sent to study with Timoteo Viti, the only noted painter in Urbino, who was then about twenty-six years old. Viti was a pleasant young man and a musician of skill. He was so bright and cheerful that he soon won the love of Raphael, and a friendship was formed between the two that lasted many years. Raphael’s first painting while with him was ‘The Vision of a Knight,’ which is now at the National Gallery in London. Very few of his earlier pictures were pre-

served; those that were, show the boy's genius.

"He studied with Viti a few years. His uncle then sent him to Perugia, Italy, to study with Perugino, who had one of the largest schools of painting.

"When Perugino examined the drawings that Raphael made for him, he exclaimed, 'Let him be my pupil, he will soon be my master.'

"We will leave our boy artist just starting upon his school life in Perugia, and next Saturday I will tell you how well the young painter succeeded."

"Oh dear!" said Margaret, "I wish we didn't have to wait until Saturday."

"Come, Margaret, we'll go up-stairs and paint," said John.

RAPHAEL THE STUDENT

Raphael The Student

“**H**URRAH!” said John, “it is Saturday and now for our story.”

“Yes, I know it,” said Margaret. “Mother is going to tell us about Raphael’s life at Perugia.”

“Come, my dears,” said Mrs. Merton, “I am ready.”

“When Raphael went to Perugia he was about seventeen years old. He was interested in everything that he saw. While there, he met noted people, and made many friends. He visited the public palaces, saw many beautiful paintings, and pieces of sculpture, from which he learned much in art.

“After a year’s study with Perugino, he finished his first picture without assistance. This was a banner for a church.”

“He must have felt proud, mamma. I wish I could paint a banner,” said John.

“Perhaps you may, my boy. You can try,” said Mrs. Merton.

"I will try," said John.

"I will help you, John," said Margaret.
'Now please go on with the story, mamma.'

"A very wealthy lady became interested in his work, and through her influence he obtained several orders for pictures. This helped and encouraged the young painter and he worked harder than ever. He made such rapid progress that it was soon difficult to tell his work from his teacher's. His most famous painting at this time was 'La Sposalizio,' or 'Marriage of the Virgin.' There are two pretty legends told about this picture. This is one of them.

"Mary was very beautiful, and had many lovers who wished to marry her. This matter could not be decided as each lover claimed her. These lovers all carried staffs, and they were told to put them away over night. Mary said that during the night one of these staffs would blossom. The owner of this could claim her for his wife. They were all anxious for the day to dawn. In the morning, sure enough, one staff was covered



Picture of
La Sposalizio or
Marriage of the
Virgin

with lily blossoms. The air was filled with fragrance. Whose staff was it, do you think? It was Joseph's. He was very happy as he went to claim his bride. In the picture see the wedding is taking place in front of the temple. Joseph is placing the ring upon Mary's finger. Her girl friends and the disappointed lovers are looking on and one of the lovers is so angry that he is breaking his staff while the wedding is taking place."

"Which one is Joseph?" asked John.

"There he is," said Margaret. "He is placing a ring upon Mary's finger. See how happy he looks!"

"There is the lover breaking his staff," said John.

"Doesn't he look angry?" said Margaret

"Yes, the lovers all look unhappy and disappointed," said Mrs. Merton. "This celebrated picture is now in the Brera Gallery at Milan.

"After Raphael finished this picture he remained but a short time in Perugia. He returned to his old home and spent much of his

time with the Duke and Duchess of Urbino, his father's friends. He painted two pictures for them, 'St. George Slaying the Dragon,' and 'St. Michael.'

"He enjoyed more than ever the attractive home, the fine works of art, and the many distinguished people with whom he became acquainted. From them he heard a great deal about Florence, the city of art, and of the large number of artists and sculptors who lived there."

"Didn't he want to go there?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Merton. "The more he heard, the more ambitious he was to go to this great city to study. The Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the Duke of Urbino, became much interested in his work. He told her of his wish to study in Florence and she gave him some letters to some of her friends there, who would help him. He decided to go at once. You can imagine how happy he was when he started for Florence with these letters."

RAPHAEL THE STUDENT 43

"The Duchess Elizabeth was kind to give him the letters," said Margaret.

"He is described at this time," said Mrs. Merton, "as a youth of twenty-one, slight in figure, five feet eight inches tall; with dark brown eyes and hair, perfect teeth, and the kindest of hearts.

"Next Tuesday is a holiday, and then I will tell you how Raphael enjoyed Florence."

LIFE AT FLORENCE, ITALY

Life At Florence, Italy

"Forth from the Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design."

"Keramos"

LONGFELLOW.

TUESDAY afternoon Mrs. Merton was reading, when Margaret and John came into the room. They had been skating and Mrs. Merton thought that they might have forgotten the story of Raphael.

"Well, Margaret," she said, "do you remember where we left Raphael last Saturday?"

"Yes, mamma, he was just starting for Florence, and you said you would tell us to-day the story of his life there."

"John, do you remember how old Raphael was when he went to Florence?"

"Yes," said John, "he was twenty-one."

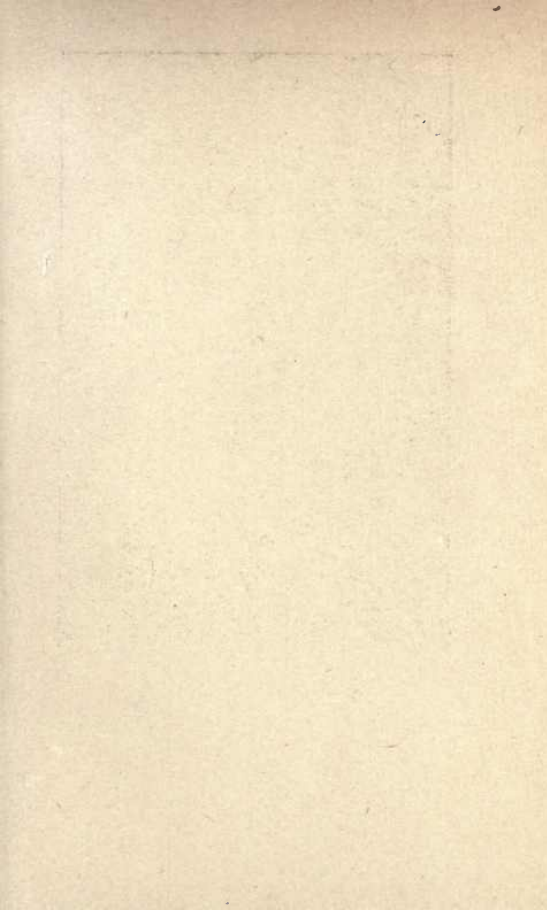
"Raphael was delighted with everything in

this city which was so wonderful to him. Every picture or work of art that he saw, every new artist that he met, became to him a fresh spring of inspiration. But while he was receiving fresh impressions and learning new lessons, he never forgot or lost the knowledge to which he had attained. There never were so many fine artists together as at this time. The paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, one of the greatest painters of this time, pleased him more than any other. He admired the grace and beauty of his figures, and decided to study with him. He was also greatly interested in the work of Michael Angelo, another very noted painter and sculptor, and spent much time with him."

"Mamma, Raphael must have worked hard to please such a teacher," said Margaret.

"Yes, my dear, he worked so hard that he learned more in a few months than many artists would in years.

"The first year in Florence he painted some beautiful Madonnas, several of which I shall show you. Among the first was the 'Madon-





Madonna
Gran Duca

na del Gran Duca,' (or del Miaggio), which is now in the Pitti Gallery."

"Oh, mamma, please tell us the story about it," said John.

"It was found in Florence two centuries ago, in the house of a poor widow. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand III., bought it. He prized it so highly that he would not part with it, even on his travels. Look at it. Do you wonder that he loved it?

"The child leans on it's parents breast
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud."

"Isn't the baby cunning? He seems to look right at you," said John.

"See his dear little hand," said Margaret.

"The 'Madonna della Casa Tempi,' or 'Madonna of the House of Tempi,' was another. This picture was lost sight of for some time but was found by a doctor in the garret of an old house. It was covered

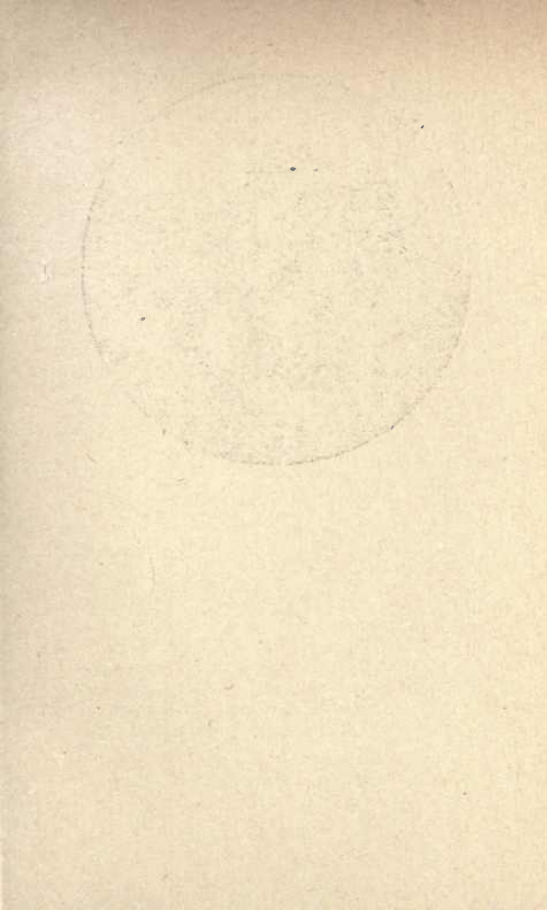
with dust and dirt. In 1824 it was bought by King Ludwig of Bavaria. The mother looks happy clasping her little child in her arms. It is now in the gallery at Munich.

"The 'Madonna del Cardellino,' or 'Madonna of the Goldfinch,' is lovely, too. In this picture little St. John has a small goldfinch in his hand, and is showing it to his little playmate. How happy he looks! His bright face beams with delight. The mother looks down upon the children lovingly. She is so interested watching them that she cannot read the book she has in her hand. This picture is at Florence now."

"Mamma, what is a goldfinch?" asked John.

"It is a pretty bird," answered Mrs. Merton. It sings sweetly and is lively and intelligent. You can teach it many tricks, and soon becomes attached to the person who feeds and cares for it.

"Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low hung branches, little space they stop.
But sip and twitter, and their feathers sleek,
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak;





Madonna della
Casa d'Alba, or
Madonna of
the House of
Alba.

Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings."

"Look at this dear sweet mother. She is seated in a garden amid flowers, with a book in her hand. Her little boys are playing very lovingly together. St. John wishes his little playmate to give him the cross that he has. He looks as if he were saying:—

" 'Give me the cross, I pray you, dearest Jesus!
If you knew how much I wish to have it,
You would not hold it in hand so tightly.
Show me that you love me;
Am I not your little servant,
Follow your steps, and wait upon your wishes?'

"This is the 'Madonna della Casa d'Alba,' or 'Madonna of the House of Alba.' It is painted on a circular piece of wood only nine and a half inches in diameter.

"Margaret, do you know of any other picture that Raphael painted upon a circular piece of wood?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"Yes, mamma, 'The Madonna of the Chair,'" answered Margaret. "I do not think this mo-

ther is as beautiful as the mother in my picture."

"Neither do I," said John.

"This Madonna was painted for a church, and later the Duke of Alba bought it at Madrid. When his wife, the Duchess of Alba, died she left the picture to her doctor. The Emperor of Russia bought it later, and it is now in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg.

"Raphael made many friends in Florence all of whom loved him. His dearest friend was Fra Bartolommeo, a monk of San Marco, who was a painter. He was very kind to Raphael and gave him many valuable lessons in color and modeling. Among Raphael's friends were members of wealthy families. They wished him to paint their portraits and he painted several, many of which are now in the Pitti Palace."

"The most famous picture that Raphael painted while in Florence was 'The Entombment.' This was for a church in Perugia. The cartoons, or drawings, were made in Florence, and Leonardo da Vinci assisted the

artist in this work. Then Raphael went to Perugia and painted the picture. He used for the first time a new way of coloring and grouping, about which his friend, the monk, had told him. This picture is very celebrated. He painted several other pictures for churches, all of which were noted for their coloring. These won for him great praise.

"About this time the Pope of Rome, Julius II., heard of this wonderful painter, Raphael, and sent for him to come to Rome, to decorate the Vatican. This was a great honor."

"Wasn't he delighted?" asked John.

"Yes, and in my next story I will tell you of his life in that old Roman capital."

LIFE AT ROME, ITALY



Life At Rome, Italy

NEARLY a week elapsed before Mrs. Merton was able to tell Margaret and John of Raphael's life in Rome.

One day after dinner, she told the children that she would finish the story.

"Well, children," said Mrs. Merton, "do you remember what I am to tell you to-day?"

"Yes, I know," said Margaret. "You said you would tell us about Raphael's life in Rome."

"John, why did Raphael go to Rome?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"The Pope of Rome, Julius II., heard of his wonderful paintings, and he sent for him to decorate the Vatican," answered John.

"Mamma," said Margaret, "what is the Vatican?"

"The Vatican, my dear, is the palace where the Pope lives. It is a very large building and contains many beautiful paintings, fine sculpture, a great library, and a museum. It

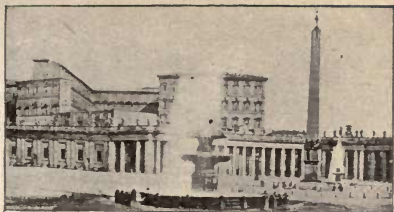
is one of the great attractions for all visitors who go to Rome. Here is a picture of it. You see what a beautiful great palace it is!" said Mrs. Merton.

"I know where Rome is," said John. "It is in Italy. It was the greatest city in the world."

"That is right, John," said Mrs. Merton. "Rome is a great city, and contains many treasures. If Raphael was delighted with Florence, what must have been his joy to be in Rome. Can you imagine how proud he felt? He must have exclaimed:—

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits the eyes, waking at once, I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies:—
'Thou art in Rome.'

"When Raphael went to this great city he was about twenty-five years old. Although he was younger than his masters, his paintings were more wonderful. He showed so much thought and talent in his work that the Pope was greatly pleased."



Vatican, Rome

"Does the Pope always live in Rome?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, he lives there now," said Mrs. Merton.

"Julius II., the Pope at Raphael's time, wished to do all he could to improve the city. He sent for great painters and sculptors wherever he heard of them, and invited them to work for him. He was especially interested in the Vatican, and wished to have the decorations upon its walls so beautiful that he would never be forgotten.

"Raphael started upon his work with a happy heart for the Pope received him very kindly."

"Wouldn't you have been afraid of such a great man, John?" said Margaret.

"I think I should have been afraid to paint for him," answered John.

"You wouldn't have been afraid if you could paint as Raphael did," said Mrs. Merton.

"The first room which Raphael decorated was the hall where the important papers were

signed. He spent a great deal of time and thought upon the drawings for these frescoes. He talked with teachers, scholars, and friends about them.

"On the ceiling of this room he painted four figures. The one representing 'Poetry' is the finest in the group.

"In the fresco on the left of the wall, called 'The School of Athens,' he painted the faces of many of his friends, teachers, and scholars. The Duke of Urbino, the nephew of the Pope, are pictured; also one of himself with Perugino, his teacher in Perugia, you remember. Here is a picture of them.

"Many of Raphael's pupils assisted him in his work.

"Mamma, why was this fresco called 'The School of Athens'?" asked Margaret.

"Because, my dear, the pictures of many great scholars were painted in this fresco, and Athens was the school where these scholars went to study," replied Mrs. Merton.

"It must be great. I wish I could see it," said John.



Vatican,
Raphael and
Perugino. De-
tail from School
of Athens

"Did he have many pupils to help him, mamma?" asked John.

"It is said that he had about fifty pupils and they were all very fond of him," said Mrs. Merton. "Here, as in Florence, he was greatly beloved and won the hearts of all whom he met by his courtesy and kindness.

"In all these frescoes many subjects are represented, and they are among the finest paintings in the world. When you are older I will tell you about these pictures and perhaps you may visit Rome some day and see the original paintings.

"The Pope was delighted with the work and showed Raphael great honor, and asked him to decorate the walls of the second room."

"Isn't that good," said John.

"Raphael did not spend all his time working at the Vatican. At this time he painted many excellent portraits. One of himself, he sent to his uncle in Urbino. You remember, children, I showed it to you. Let us look at it again."

"Hasn't he a beautiful face, mamma?" said Margaret.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton.

"His heavenly face the mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things,
To flock to and inhabit.'

"But his eyes look sad. It always seemed to me that was because of his great sorrow when a boy."

"I remember, mamma, his father and mother died. I should think he would look sad," answered John

"Do you think, children, as you have heard this story, that Raphael was brave and manly?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"I do. I think he was wonderful!" said Margaret.

"I don't see how he could have done so much," said John.

"You haven't heard all yet," said Mrs. Merton. "He painted some of the finest Madonnas while in Rome.

"Here is one, 'The Madonna de Foligno,' which is now in the Vatican."



Madonna del
Foligno

"Is there a story about it?" asked John.
"Please tell us."

"It was the custom in those days for persons who, in any way, had escaped death, to present some gift to the church as a thank offering. This picture was given to a church by a gentleman who had escaped being killed by lightning. You have often seen a rainbow after a thunderstorm, and this picture represents the distant view of the town of Foligno seen under a rainbow shown in the center."

"The colors must be beautiful, mamma," said Margaret.

"I think the mother and the little baby are beautiful," said Mrs. Merton.

"My teacher drew a rainbow upon the blackboard when she taught us the rainbow colors," said John. "The colors were pretty."

"My teacher hung a prism in the sunlight, and the prismatic colors were reflected upon the wall," said Margaret. "They were lovely. We learned a poem about the rainbow, too, mamma. Would you like to hear it?"

“Certainly, my dear, will you recite it now?”
asked Mrs. Merton.

The Rainbow Seen In Town.

“Welcome! thou beauteous messenger
Of peace and promise too;
Amidst the city’s busy stir,
What wonders thou canst do!
A rush of heaven where sordid earth
Seemed only to have sway—
Of purer light a holy birth
Upon a common day.

“How glad thou mad’st my childish heart,
Placed in the rainy sky;
How watched I then the clouds depart,
And knew the sunshine nigh;
How over hill and heathery plain,
I chased thy colors fair,
And felt a vague delicious pain
To see them melt in air.

“What images thou wakenest now,
Of early scenes and days;
How gleamest thou o’er the mountain’s brow
Tinging its crowning haze;
How dost thou bathe the wild greenwood
In liquid gem-like light;

How doth the river's stately flood
Give back their radiance bright!

"The spirits of a thousand flowers,
The soul of every gem,
Essence of buds from Eastern bowers
Say art thou formed from them?
Oh, blessed art thou, graceful Bow,
Who can such pictures bring—
Oh, blessed thou, who makest flow
Each wild imagining—

"But blessed most that thou art yet
To shine on us allowed,
To teach us God's own hand hath set
'His bow within the cloud.' "

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"That is very pretty, Margaret, and it seems almost as if Raphael must have had the same thought when he painted the beautiful rainbow in this picture," said Mrs. Merton.

"Don't you think he saw a rainbow when he used to walk with his father?" asked John.

"Yes, indeed, you remember he loved beautiful colors, and the rainbow would please him more than any," answered Mrs. Merton.

"I think it would," said Margaret. "Wasn't that a beautiful rainbow that we saw at the beach last summer? It looked like two rainbows."

"Oh, yes, that was lovely," said John.

"Another Madonna was the 'Madonna della Sedia,' or 'Madonna of the Chair.'

"Margaret can tell the story of that picture. She told it to her little friend the other afternoon. We will look at it again for the mother and children are so lovely, one cannot help admiring them.

"The 'Madonna of the Fish' is another of his noted Madonnas. This was painted for a chapel at Naples; the blind used to go there and pray to have their sight restored. This picture represents the beautiful mother with the dear little child in her arms. He is pointing with one hand to the lovely angel, St. Raphael, who has brought a young boy, named Tobias, with his fish, to beg that his father, who is blind, might be healed."

"Was his father cured?" asked John.

"I cannot say, my boy, sometimes persons

were cured," said Mrs. Merton. "This picture is now in Madrid.

"Raphael improved so much in his work that the Madonnas painted in Rome were much better than those painted in Florence. They showed more thought and feeling.

"He painted a number of pictures for a friend, a wealthy banker."

"Where did he live, mamma?" asked Margaret.

"This friend lived in Rome, in a splendid palace and entertained many guests," replied Mrs. Merton.

AT THE VATICAN



At The Vatican

NOW that Raphael had become famous, and painted such a variety of subjects, his pictures were sought by everybody. He painted many portraits of noted men, one of which was that of Julius II. This was so true to life, as it was placed and lighted, that many said, in looking at it, that it seemed as if he must speak."

"Just like grandpa's portrait. Isn't it, mamma?" asked John.

"Before Raphael finished the second room in the Vatican the Pope died. The new Pope, Leo X., was a young man. He was fond of art and admired Raphael's work. He wished him to continue the decoration of the Vatican and showed him and his friends special favor. He also sent for Leonardo da Vinci, with many of his pupils, to come to Rome. Raphael was very kind to them."

"Wasn't Leonardo da Vinci the teacher that Raphael liked, and of whom he took

lessons while in Florence?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Merton, "I am glad that you remembered about him."

"Why didn't he go to Rome before?" asked John.

"He was busy upon some important work in Florence and could not leave that city," replied Mrs. Merton.

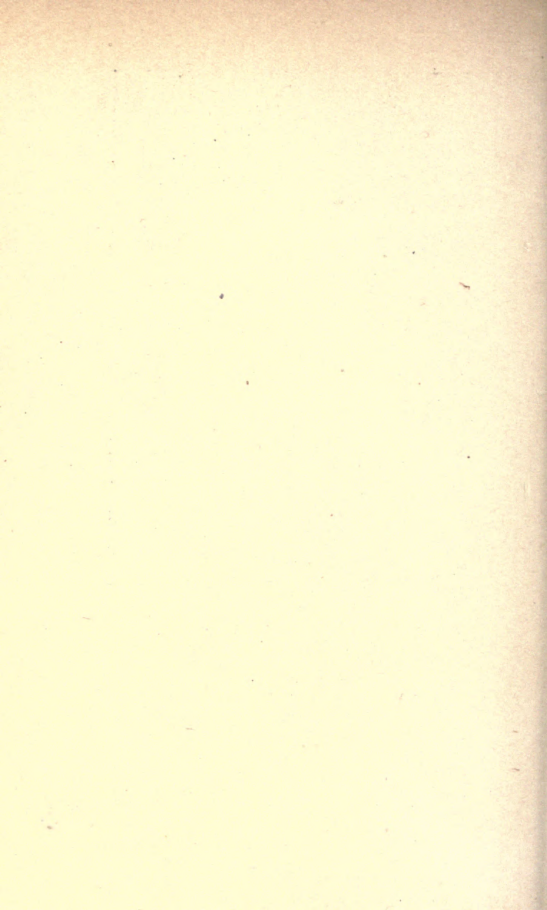
"Raphael must have been glad to see him," said Margaret.

"In the gallery on the second story of the Vatican is painted what is called 'Raphael's Bible,' because the subjects are stories from the Old Testament. These pictures are small and adorn the thirteen cupolas of the open galleries, on three sides of the open court. These galleries are called 'Loggia.' This picture will give you a little idea of the arrangement of this gallery of frescoes.

"You see that upon the sides and around the windows are fruits, flowers, and figures woven together in an artistic manner. The Bible pictures are above on the arches, and are well preserved."



Loggia of
Raphael,
Vatican



"I hope I shall go to Rome some day and see these pictures," said Margaret.

"So do I," said John. "I would like to start tomorrow if mamma could go with me."

"We can study the pictures at home, children, and then if you should go abroad, you will know something about those beautiful frescoes, and the great artist who painted them," said Mrs. Merton.

"Here is one that will please you. Can you imagine how lovely it would be painted in the most beautiful colors?"

"Tell us about it, mamma," said John.

"About the time that Julius II. died, a wealthy lady, of Bologna, built a chapel for the church of San Giovanni, in Bologna. She dreamed that the angels told her to build it. Among the heavenly voices she thought she heard that of St. Cecilia, who sang very sweetly. She dedicated this chapel to her.

"St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music. She not only sang, but played upon a number of musical instruments. She invented one with pipes something like an organ.

"This lady heard of Raphael's work and engaged him to paint an altar piece for this chapel. She told him her dream and he chose for his subject St. Cecilia."

"Mamma, what is an altar piece?" asked John.

"An altar piece, John, is a painting placed over the altar in a church," answered Mrs. Merton.

"St. Cecilia is in the center of the picture. She seems to be listening to music in the distance. Her face makes one think she must hear the voices of the angels above her. She is so affected by their singing that she has dropped her musical instruments, except one, which she holds loosely in her hands."

"That looks something like an organ, mamma," said Margaret.

"Yes, it does, Margaret. See some of the pipes have dropped out," said her mother.

"The other musical instruments are lying at her feet," said Margaret.

"The saints around her seem to be listening also," said Mrs. Merton. "There is St.



St. Cecilia

Paul, the great preacher, leaning upon his sword, his face resting upon his hand. How thoughtful he looks! St. John stands beside him, his sweet young face glowing with delight. They show by the expression of their faces how much they are enjoying the heavenly music.

"When the picture was completed Raphael sent it to Bologna. The people were greatly excited when it arrived and were proud to possess such a work of art."

"Is it still in Bologna?" asked Margaret.

"Yes. The coloring has faded slightly, but otherwise it is as beautiful as ever," said Mrs. Merton. "When I look at this picture I always want to sing a hymn that my grandma used to sing:—

"Hark!—what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

"Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
'Glory in the highest glory!'
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth—good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
'Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven—'
Loud our golden harps shall sound."

CARWOOD

"Look at this picture, John. Did you ever see one like it?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"Yes, mamma, Aunt Mary has one in her room," said John.

"Why, mamma, isn't it the head of St. Paul?" asked Margaret. "It looks like this head in the picture of St. Cecilia."

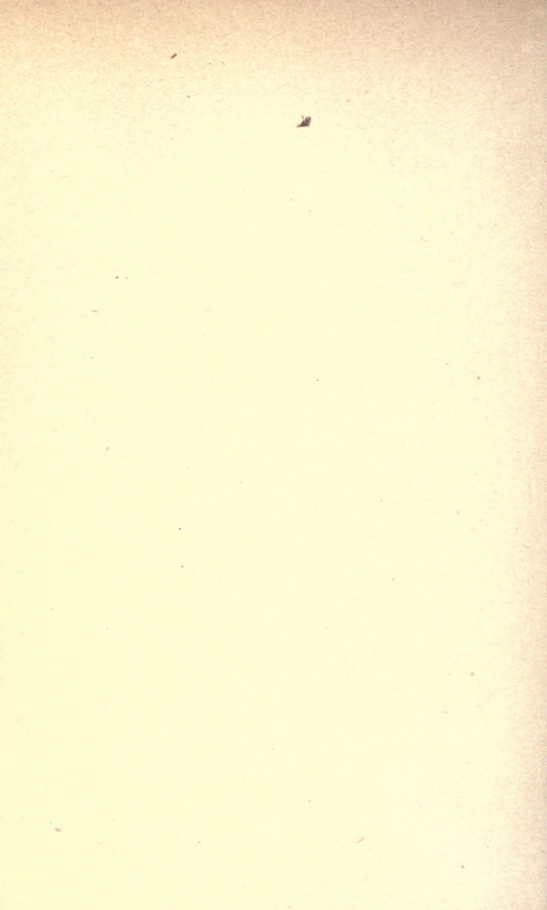
"You are right, Margaret, I wanted you to see this large head of St. Paul because it shows more perfectly his great strength and his thoughtful expression," said Mrs. Merton.

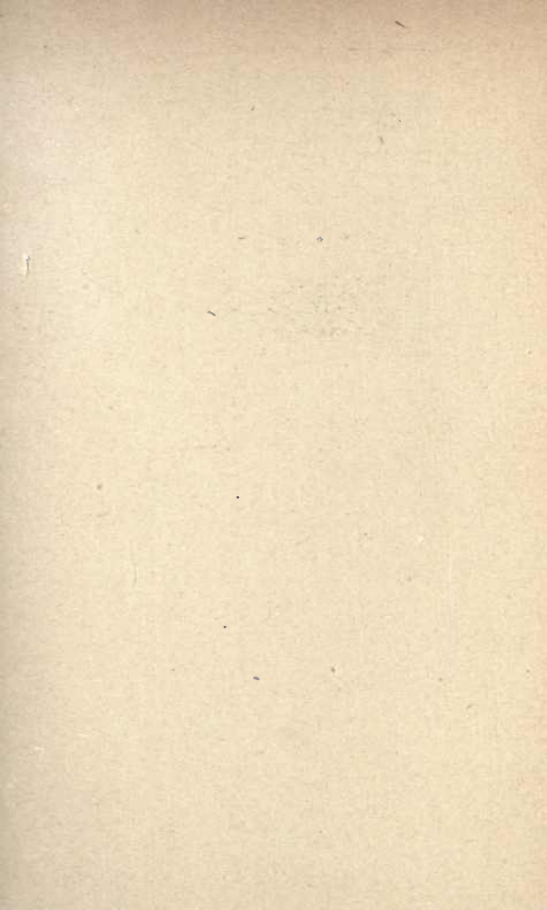
"You can tell Aunt Mary when you see her what you know about the picture of St. Paul. Go and play now, and Saturday afternoon I will continue the story."

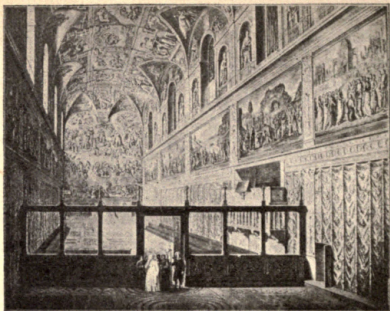


St. Paul,
Bologna

RAPHAEL THE MASTER







Sistine Chapel,
Rome

Raphael The Master

“YOU remember, children, that we left Raphael working in the galleries or ‘Loggia’ of the Vatican.

“What were these frescoes called, Margaret?” asked Mrs. Merton.

“They were called Raphael’s Bible,” said Margaret.

“John, can you tell me why?” asked Mrs. Merton.

“Yes, mamma, because he took the subjects for his paintings from the Bible,” answered John.

“After he had finished these galleries the Pope had still more work for him to do.

“The most beautiful apartment of the ‘Vatican’ was the Sistine Chapel. The upper part of the walls were covered with the choicest frescoes, and Michael Angelo had painted the ceilings in a wonderful manner. To make this chapel more beautiful, Leo X. wished Raphael to prepare some cartoons

or drawings for some tapestries to be hung on the lower part of the wall. These tapestries were to be made of wool, silk, and gold and woven together to represent the drawings he had made."

"Were they to be hung on the wall?" asked John.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Merton, "just as you see them in this picture.

"There were eleven of these cartoons, or drawings, which were accepted by the Pope. The subjects were taken from the Bible and are wonderfully pictured. One of the most famous of these tapestries, is 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' which I will show you. Can you imagine how beautiful this picture would be, woven into a drapery of gold, silk, and wool? The water, the trees, the hills, the birds, the men in their boats, and the nets filled with fish.

"Margaret, if you will get your Bible you can read the story of this miracle, and I have a poem about this picture which John can read to us. Will you?" asked Mrs. Merton.



Miraculous
Draught of
Fishes

"Certainly, mamma," answered John.

Fishers of Men.

"The boats are out and the storm is high,
We kneel on the shore and pray,
The Star of the Sea shines still in the sky,
And God is our help and stay.

"The fishers are weak, and the tide is strong,
And their boat seems slight and frail,
But St. Peter has steered it for them so long,
It would weather a rougher gale.

"St. John, the Beloved, sails with them, too,
And his loving words they hear;
So with tender trust the boat's brave crew
Neither doubt, or pause, or fear.

"He Who sent them fishing is with them still,
And He bids them cast their net;
And He has the power their boats to fill,
So we know He will do it yet."

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

"The beauty of this picture is almost as much of a miracle as the subject it represents. Just think of a number of these pictures together and you may realize how much

they must have been admired in Rome at that time. They are known and always spoken of as 'Raphael's Cartoons.' "

"Mamma, are they in the Vatican now?" asked Margaret.

"Yes," said Mrs. Merton. "Some years after they were painted, these cartoons, with many other choice things in Rome, were carried away by soldiers. They were bought and sold several times, some were destroyed, and finally those that were left were returned to the Vatican in a faded condition."

"What became of the drawings?" asked John.

"The cartoons, or drawings, were forgotten for a time, and three of them were lost. A famous artist, Rubens, came across them, and through him, Charles I., King of England, bought them for his palace. They are now in the South Kensington Museum in London."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed John, "wasn't Raphael a wonderful man? How could he do so much?"



St. Peter's,
Rome

"Yes, indeed, my boy, he was wonderful, and the greatest artist the world has ever known. He was not only a painter, but an architect," said Mrs. Merton.

"What is an architect, mamma?" asked John.

"An architect is one who is skilled in the art of building. He draws plans for houses and large buildings. Your Uncle Frank is an architect. He drew the plans for grandmother's house, the large church on Main Street, and for several other buildings," replied his mother.

"While in Rome, Raphael was appointed chief architect of St. Peter's. This is the largest and grandest church in the world. It cost several million dollars, and many years passed before it was completed.

"A traveller once said, 'it looks like a great city rather than a church, whose streets are marble, and whose sky is gold.' This picture will give you some idea of its beauty and grandeur.

"Margaret, do you suppose that Raphael

had forgotten about his home and the dear friends he had left in Urbino?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"I don't know, mamma, I have been so interested in his life in Rome, that I had forgotten about his home," said Margaret.

"No, he did not forget the loved ones at home. He wrote to his uncle and told him with great pride, of his success."

"He sent him his portrait, too," said John.

"I remember," said Margaret.

"His letters were bright and cheerful, showing his sunny nature and his devotion to his work," said Mrs. Merton.

"Mamma, I should think that Raphael must have earned a great deal of money painting so many pictures," said John.

"He did," said Mrs. Merton. "He was very wealthy. He lived in an elegant palace like a prince, and fifty scholars followed him, every day, to the Vatican. Nobles and great men from all over the world came to visit him and see his paintings. Some even waited

outside his door for a long time to see him for a few minutes."

"Didn't he have a great many friends?" asked Margaret.

"A large number," replied Mrs. Merton. "Among them was the Cardinal Bibbena, who thought so highly of the great artist, that he wished him to marry his niece, Maria. It was considered a great honor in those days to be connected by marriage, with a Cardinal. Raphael accepted the offer, but the wedding did not take place as the lady died."

"Did he ever marry?" asked Margaret.

"No," said Mrs. Merton. "It is said that Raphael was in love with a lady of noble birth, but he would not tell her name. A portrait painted by him, called, 'The Beautiful Lady,' or 'The Lady of the Veil,' is said to be her portrait, but it is not really known. Her face appears in Mary Magdalen in the St. Cecilia picture that you have seen. You see the same lovely face in his finest, best beloved, and most celebrated

Madonna, the 'Madonna San Sisto,' or the 'Sistine Madonna.'

"Why, mamma, that is the picture you gave me at Christmas," exclaimed John. "I did not care so much for it then as I do now. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Please tell us about it, right off, mamma," pleaded Margaret.

"One of the legends told of this picture is that Raphael did not feel satisfied with the Madonnas that he had painted. He longed to paint a more beautiful and a more heavenly mother. Every day, he prayed that in some way, he might have a vision of such a mother. One night his prayer was answered. He dreamed that a most beautiful lady, carrying in her arms a lovely baby, appeared to him. She seemed to be in the clouds surrounded by angels. This dream made him so happy that he wished to paint the picture at once."

"How lovely that dream was!" exclaimed Margaret.

"It is said that Raphael made no drawings for this Madonna. He outlined it with



Sistine
Madonna,
Dresden

red chalk, and then painted in the beautiful colors. It was painted for the Benedictine monks of St. Sixtus, for use as a banner, but they were so pleased with it they used it for an altar piece. There it remained for more than two hundred years. It was then bought by King Augustus II. for forty thousand dollars and taken to Dresden with great ceremony. It is now in the Dresden Gallery, where visitors look upon it in silent admiration. It is considered by many the greatest painting in the world. Let us look at it together. We lose much of its beauty in not seeing the exquisite coloring for which it is especially noted. This sweet, lovely mother looks as if she were coming out of heaven and resting upon the clouds. Her eyes seem to be fixed upon something in the distance that makes her happy. The dear little baby nestles close to his mother and seems happy too. The green curtains have been drawn aside forming a frame for this heavenly mother and child."

"Who is the lady on the left, mamma?" asked Margaret.

"That is St Barbara who was a patron saint of the church for which the picture was painted. She was said to be a protector."

"Is there a story about her?" asked Margaret.

"Yes," said Mrs Merton. "She was said to be very beautiful. Her father fearing that she might marry shut her up in a tower. While there she became very much interested in the stars and spent much of her time studying them. She thought there must be some god beside the ones of wood and stone that her father worshipped. After a while she became a Christian. This made her father very angry. He tortured her in every way, but she would not give up her faith, and was finally put to death.

"Can you see the little tower just back of St. Barbara in the picture?"

"Where, mamma?" asked John.

"The curtain hides it," said his mamma.

"Oh, yes, I see it. You can just see the top of it," said John.

"St. Barbara seems to be thinking," said Margaret.

"I think she is looking at the two angel boys below her," said John.

"Aren't they cunning, mamma?" said Margaret.

"Yes, they look as if they had strayed away from heaven and are looking up wistfully for some one to take them back. St. Barbara looks upon them lovingly as if she would protect them," said Mrs. Merton.

"Did Raphael see these little boys in his dream?" asked Margaret.

"No," said Mrs. Merton. "There are several stories about these angel boys. One is that while Raphael was painting this picture, two little boys came into his studio, leaned upon a stand near him, and watched him paint. He was so pleased that he told them he would paint them in the picture."

"Mamma, the old man looks as if he were praying," said John.

"He seems to be imploring the heavenly mother to bless his people. See he is pointing

to them below. He is Pope Sixtus, who was also the patron saint of the Church of San Sisto. See his triple crown that he has laid aside."

"Look, look mamma, see the faces in the clouds," exclaimed Margaret.

"Where?" asked John.

"Can't you see the angel's heads peeping through the clouds?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, yes," said John, "I never noticed them before. Isn't it wonderful?"

"You will admire and enjoy this picture more and more each year that you live," said Mrs. Merton. "I hope you may go to Dresden and see this celebrated painting in all its beauty of form and coloring. You will then recall our talk this afternoon, and as you gaze upon that beautiful mother, you will say:—

"Thy face is fair and lovely,
Thine eyes are softly blue,
And who can help but love thee,
Who knows thy heart so true.



Raphael in his
Studio

"Who knows the wealth and depth of love
That in thy bosom glows,
The purity like heaven above,
That from thy spirit flows.

"Thy soul looks through the doors of sight
And beams from out thine eye,
With golden light, both pure and bright,
As angel's passing by.

"And once I gazed in those eyes,
That beam with heavenly thought,
And felt the ties of love, I prize,
Still nearer to me brought.

GEORGE W. WARDER.

"Look, my dears," said Mrs. Merton,
"would you like to see Raphael in his studio
at work upon this Madonna?"

"Yes, yes, mamma," they both exclaimed,
eagerly.

"See the beautiful mother standing with
the little baby in her arms," said Mrs.
Merton.

"Yes, and there is one of the little boys
back of her, resting his face upon his hand,
just as you see him in John's picture," said

Margaret. "Don't you remember the story mamma told us?"

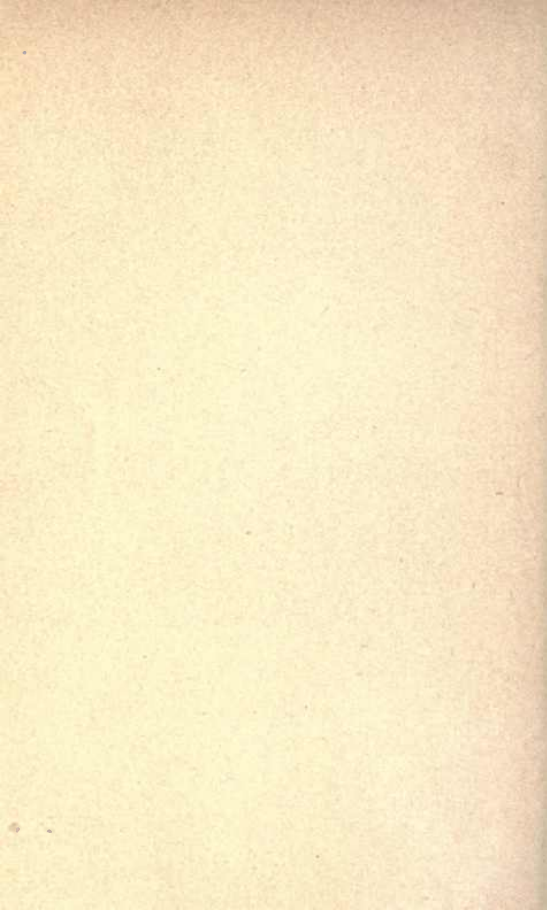
"Who are those men standing about watching him?" asked John.

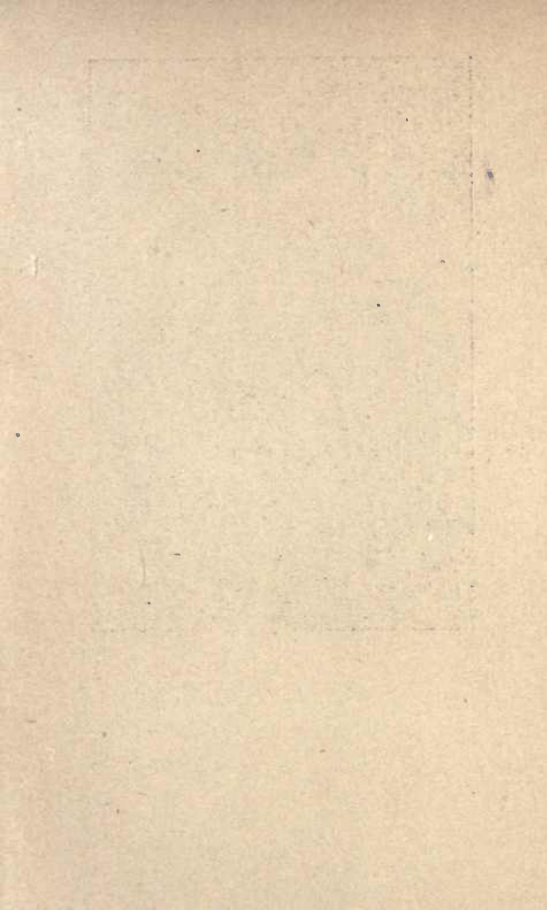
"They are Raphael's pupils and friends. How interested they are! They are watching him sketch the figures," said Mrs. Merton.

"See, there are two of the pupils behind the mother," said John. "One of them is trying to draw this same figure."

"I do not wonder that his pupils and friends liked to watch him," said Margaret. "They must have learned much from such a gifted teacher. Wasn't he the greatest painter in the world at that time, mamma?"

RAPHAEL THE PRINCE OF
ART.







Vatican
Transfiguration

Raphael The Prince of Art

“**T**here was much discussion among lovers of art, at this time,” said Mrs. Merton, “as to which was the greater painter, Raphael or Michael Angelo. Cardinal de Medici asked them both to paint an altar piece for the church at Narbonne, in France. Michael Angelo did not wish to appear as a rival of his friend. His favorite pupil agreed to paint the picture and the subject given him was the ‘Raising of Lazarus.’ Michael Angelo made the drawings and drew many of the figures.”

“What was Raphael’s subject, mamma?” asked John.

“He chose for his subject ‘The Transfiguration,’ ” said Mrs. Merton. “He was very busy painting the portraits of Pope Leo X. and the two cardinals, and could not start his picture for some time.

“Michael Angelo’s pupil, with the help of his master, finished his painting first, but he

would not let any one see it until Raphael had finished his.

"At last Raphael set to work upon the great undertaking. He felt that it should be worthy of his name and he must put into it his best effort."

"I think he must have tried to do his best," said John.

"He did try to do his best," said Mrs. Merton, "but he had sketched in only a few of the figures when he was taken sick with a fever, and died upon the evening of Good Friday, 1520."

"O dear! then they could not decide which was the better painter, could they, mamma?" said John. "Was not that too bad?"

"We can hardly say that, John," said his mother. "We cannot help feeling sorry, and mourn for him as all Rome mourned him. He was a great loss to the whole world."

"Even the Pope wept. People crowded upon the streets and could talk of nothing but the loss of their beloved Raphael; of his kind and loving nature, his sunny disposition, his

helpful and encouraging words, his gentle and courteous manner, and his unselfish love and devotion to his friends and companions.

"As he lay in his studio in his last sleep this unfinished picture was placed at his head. It was hard for his many friends to realize that the artist's hand had used his brush for the last time on earth. How could they help dropping a tear of regret for him they so deeply loved, and for the great loss to the whole world of art. Thousands of people followed him to his last resting place, the Pantheon, one of the finest buildings in Rome.

"Did he wish to be buried in the Pantheon?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, he chose this place some time before he died," said Mrs. Merton. "He was laid beside Maria Bibbiena, the lady to whom he was betrothed.

"Although the 'Transfiguration' was finished by Raphael's pupils it was a wonderful work of art. Let me read to you what Mr. Longfellow says: 'A child looks not at the stars with greater wonder than the artist at this

painting. He knows how many studious years are in that picture. He knows the difficult path that leads to perfection, having himself taken some of the first steps. Thus he recalls the hour when that broad canvas was first stretched upon its frame and Raphael stood before it, and laid the first colors upon it, and beheld the figures, one by one, born into life.'

"We will look at it to-day, and notice the expression of the faces. The story of this picture is taken from the Bible and some day I will read it to you, and then we will examine the picture more carefully.

"You remember that I told you that Raphael was a very wealthy man. He was very kind and generous. After his death it was found that he remembered his friends, relatives, pupils, and even his servants, in disposing of his great wealth.

"Now that you have heard the story of the life and works of this great and wonderful man, with his beautiful face, winning ways, and marvelous brush, do you wonder that

this inscription was placed upon his tomb?
 'This is that Raphael by whom Nature feared
 to be conquered while he lived and to die
 when he died.'

"Now, children," said Mrs. Merton, "I wish
 to recite a poem that I learned when I was
 a little girl. Some day I would like to have
 you both learn it. The one who learns it
 first shall have a picture of—"

'Raphael, mamma, Raphael,' both chil-
 dren shouted.

"I shall have that picture," said John.

"I shall try for it, too," said Margaret.

"The Child Raphael.

"I know you have heard the story
 And gotten the name by heart,
 Of one of the grand old Masters
 "They call him the 'Prince of Art,'

"Who painted the purest pictures,
 Christs of the gentlest mien,
 And the loveliest Virgin Mother,
 That ever the world has seen.

"What visions suggested the graces
 That o'er his Madonnas shine?

And where could he find a baby
To paint that was so divine?

“And whence had he skill to do it,
And how did he come to know
Better than all the Masters
Why he should paint them so?

“In an old, Italian city,
Urbino the queer and quaint,
There lived Giovanni Santi,
An artist who loved to paint.

“And when he had need of models,
What models so sweet could be,
To him, as his beautiful Magia
With her baby upon her knee?

“And so she was called Madonna
For whom she so oft sufficed;
And so they called her baby
Raphael, the ‘Infant Christ.’

“And, surely, a mystic radiance
Over the boy would shine
As he thought they deemed him worthy,
To image the Child Divine!

“No wonder he walked exulting,
Through all of his happy years!
No wonder she looked celestial
As seen through his orphan tears!

"The memory that filled his childhood,
On his canvas left its trace ;
For each of his sweet Madonnas
Holds hint of his mother's face.

MARGARET PRESTON.



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